

THE DAILY CHRONICLE,

VOL. II.—No. 48.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1829.

WHOLE NUMBER 212.

CHARLES ALEXANDER, PUBLISHER, NO. 112 CHESTNUT STREET, DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE.—TERMS \$8 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

MEMORY.

They come—they come—those visions bright,
And radiant of spring;
The joyous spring-time of my days.
The hour of blossoming:
They haunt me in my daily walks,
They are my nightly dreams;
Their spell is ever on my heart,
It has no other theme.

O, beautiful and bright ye are,
Ye memories of the past:
The sunshine of my manhood's days,
And they are fleeting fast.
My manhood's day's! alas! melt like,
How rapid time has been;
Since to a gay and gay boy,
Was up'd life's changeful scene.

Yest'rye indeed how swiftly sped—

Was it a song of joy?

Were there no griefs to sour the heart,
E'en of the wayward boy?

The scenes of our childhood, light,
How light and fleeting they;

The tear, though glistening on the cheek,
Forgot amid our play.

Mark, mark! 'tis the midnight gale,
You halting shivering

Has flung a long and echoing knell

To thee, departed year;

And ye are gone, my vision's bright,
For other thoughts intrude;

Bad memory comes with sable tints,
Deep drooping my solitude.

How many joys! how many griefs!

Old yore I've shared with thee;

But fare thee well though thou hast borne

The dearest things from me;

Aye, fare thee well! though many a heart

Be high when first thy voice

Peals lightly on the ear, no more

Shall mourn, no more rejoice.

O! where are they whose spirits charm'd

The hour to pastimes given,

With laugh and song, and jest?

Ah, these—time—envious time has riven,

And he who wept, but could not chide,

That graver things might be;

Of him what tale is there to tell?

My father! is he there?

O! he and they are gone—and I

All lone and left to weep;

To weep my melancholy song;

For those who calmly sleep.

But welcome those whose voices I hear;

Break on the "stilly night!"

Bring back the visions of my youth,

The beautiful and bright.

FROM THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

A Journal of four days absence from the island of Mackinac, together with a slight description of that island.—September, 1828.

Moving soon a resident on the island of Mackinac for nearly two years, and being desirous of an excursion it was resolved that we should abandon ourselves for a few days, and visit the island as our neighbourhood.

The situation of the island of Mackinac is pretty well known to travellers; yet a slight description of it may not be considered out of place connected with my journal.

Mackinac is situated in the straits which connect Lakes Huron and Michigan. There is also a spot on the main land, about 9 miles distant, which bears the name of "Old Mackinac." The island of Mackinac is from 7 to 8 miles in circumference, and is the most prominent one among the number of those which edge the Straits. It rises above the rest like a lofty tower, and is, in a military point of view, one of the most important out-posts that we have on the Upper Lakes. Here assemble, at the "every summer, from 1500 to 2000 Indians, of different nations." This is their stopping place, here they pitch their wigwams for several days, and wait for a fair wind to take them across the straits, leading to the British post of St. Marie's river, which unites Lakes Huron and Superior. To this spot, all the neighbouring Indians make a yearly visit for the purpose of receiving presents from the British Government.

It is a beautiful sight to see them in the spring and summer. I have witnessed at one time, at least fifty of their little bark canoes entering the harbor at the same time, under full sail, and many of them rigged with a topsail. The shore of Mackinac affords them a fine encamping ground, having a high gravel bank, and their wigwams have stretched from the eastern to the western point of the island, three and four tier deep, and more than a hundred fires have burned at one and the same time, presenting a novel and interesting sight. This occurs generally in the month of June, or early in July.

The Fort stands upon an eminence of about 150 feet above the level of the water. The high and massive wall on the side of the hill, the block-houses and other buildings being white, gives it a strong and military appearance. From the height you have a very extensive prospect, and the variegated and picturesque scenery looks like fairy land, on a bright moonlight night.

The Fort is undergoing repairs, new buildings have been erected, and when it is completed, will be one of the most agreeable stations on this frontier. The soldiers' quarters are spacious and replete with every comfort and convenience. They consist of five apartments. The lodging room is 50 feet by 20, containing three tier of bunks, finished in steam boat style. The mess room is 38 by 30. In this room is hung on the wall all the newspaper publications received at the post, thus furnishing the soldier an opportunity of seeing what is going on in the world. Under this room is a cellar 35 by 30 feet, blasted out of the solid rock, 9 feet deep, to contain their supplies for the winter. To the mess room, there is also attached a kitchen, and between the lodging and mess room, are an orderly and clothing room. The other buildings belonging to the works are all made to correspond in appearance with the company quarters.

Between the fort and the water, is the village, principally built in the old French style; it is nearly deserted. The inhabitants derive their principal support from the white fish and trout, that are taken in great abundance.

On this island are several natural curiosities. The Arched Rock, the Sugar Loaf, and Scull Rock.

The Arched Rock, is on the north eastern side of the island; it is about sixty feet high, and broader at the base than at the top, its appearance seems to have been caused by some shock of nature, together with the effect of time wearing it away and forming the arch.

The Sugar Loaf is situated not far from the centre of the island—it stands upon an irregular plane, its base "embosomed in thick trees"—and bears its spires tops above them, like an Egyptian pyramid.

The Scull Rock, is rendered interesting more from traditional information, than from its present appearance—it is totally isolated, and almost hid from view in summer, by the thick woods which surrounds it. There is a small opening at the bottom sufficient for the entrance of a boy. Henry, in his travels speaks of this cave affording him shelter and refuge from the Indians. He states, that "in this place he rolled himself in his blanket and slept a night, and when daylight returned, he discovered with feelings of horror, that he was laying on nothing less than a heap of human bones and skulls which covered the floor."

How these bones came here has been left to conjecture; at all events there are a few to be found at present; I picked up a small piece of a skull. This cave is supposed to have been made a deposit for their dead by the Indians, and it being of a calcareous limestone, it may have crumbled away, as but a small vestige of its interior remains.

The morning was a little overcast, but supposing that as the sun rose higher in the heavens, his brightness would disperse the few scattering clouds that were to be seen, and with anticipations of pleasure, we stepped into the little green boat, and directed our course towards Point St. Ignace. This place is about five miles distant from Mackinac, and has its name from St. Ignatius. Formerly, here was established a Jesuit mission;—some slight vestiges of the foundation of the old chapel are yet to be seen. The few inhabitants of this place are chiefly Indians, and subsist almost entirely upon fish and potatoes. There resides here an old Frenchman who was born on the Point; he is apparently 70 years of age, and has never been farther from it than the island of Mackinac. He is a small and venerable looking man, generally wears a coat made of deer's skin, and is called by every person who knows him, "Governor."

Near the shore of a small prairie that borders on this point we discovered an Indian in his canoe; our bugle sounded a few notes—the Indian was contented and happy. The cook had prepared their supper, and gave notice accordingly. I stepped to the door of our tent, for the purpose of taking a view of their camp. They were all seated around a noble fire, that would have consumed a man's load of wood. The bugler was noticed that it was time for dinner, "Come, Jack, call the roll," says one of the men. "Yes, Sir,"—all present, replies Jack, "but, by Jolly Engle," continued the boy, "you'll scare them Indians again—did you see how the young papponnons scampered when you sounded Retreat?"—The bugle ceased—every one retired to rest, and the camp soon became quiet. As to myself, I anticipated a good sleep, for I felt weary. About midnight I was awakened by the yelling of the Indians; a canoe had arrived in the evening from Mackinac, and brought a keg of whiskey—with this they were making merry and holding a pow-wow. The noise of an Indian carousal is very disgusting; and although I have so repeatedly lodged in their vicinity, and heard them, yet I cannot accustomed myself to listen to them without unpleasant emotions. The night was extremely dark and the rain had put out the fire; I listened with great solicitude—for Indians, when intoxicated, are ready for any outrage. I heard the prowling of some animal near our tent, and supposed it was a wolf, or some other inhabitant of the forest, in search of food. Some of the men were stirring—our fire was re-kindled, and the animal is called "St. Helens." This name brought to mind that "Solitary Rock" which held for a time its prisoner, the most extraordinary man that ever lived. He, who was surrounded by obscure kings and nobles, distributing principalities and kingdoms, and the tide of whose success was arrested and driven back with the same impetuosity with which it had rolled onward.

And even there, though chained as it were by every snare of his body, and guarded by a continual watch, he was looked upon with a kind of supernatural fear and dread. Not a movement of his finger, nor a glance of his eye, but was suspected to convey some inventive plan of insurrection, or some miraculous stretch of power. Happy indeed would he have been could he have exchanged his splendid throne for a dwelling upon this lone and isolated spot—prud and unbounding as was his character, he no doubt would have accepted the offer of an asylum on this barren and uninhabited island, which is seldom pressed by the foot of man—where the Eagle builds her nest, and the Dove rests her weary pinions, un molested and in safety.

We soon reached the Green isles, which are situated in the Straits, and break the monotonous appearance of the broad traverse from Mackinac to Point Wagooshance: we landed on one of them. Together, they form a very pretty appearance in the distance, though in reality little more than sand banks. The next island is called "St. Helens." This name brought to mind that "Solitary Rock" which held for a time its prisoner, the most extraordinary man that ever lived. He, who was surrounded by obscure kings and nobles, distributing principalities and kingdoms, and the tide of whose success was arrested and driven back with the same impetuosity with which it had rolled onward.

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From here we crossed over to Old Mackinac, and strolled and strolled about the place. This was once a British garrison, which, under the command of Major Ettrington, were, in 1763, nearly all massacred by the Indians. The appearance of its having been a fort is almost imperceptible—the buildings are all destroyed, and nothing remains but some foundations, and the vestiges of an old stockade. Yet there is sufficient to remind the traveller of the scene of murder and carnage that must have taken place. The ground is yet studded with the burnt and scattered remains of human bones,—the only remains of the victims of that dreadful slaughter. After the destruction of this post it was never re-occupied, and the present Fort Mackinac was selected as a more desirable military location. We spent about an hour here, took our luncheon, and then steered our course for Sheboigian river.

We were all strangers to the part of the country to which we were steering, excepting the direction which our course lay, we therefore had to search for the river. The day clouded over, the winds increased, and the sea became very very rough—we all got a good sprinkling before we reached what is termed The Red Banks, a distance of about seven miles from the mouth of the river. Our little bark rides the sea extremely well. It now became misty and very unpleasant.

A pitched tent on a little island about five miles distant, attracted our attention, and we steered for it. On landing, we found it to be near the mouth of the Sheboigian. A number of Canadas were in a group around a fire; upon which was hung, in gipsy style, a large kettle, boiling away in good earnest;—upon its surface, wild ducks showed their feathered heads, and occasionally plunged as if in pursuit of the corn, potatoes, and squashes that were bubbling up amongst them: upon a stick diagonally stuck in the ground, was a fine black bear thrust through the body, cringing and writhing as though she was displeased with our intrusion. We spent about an hour at this delightful spot, and I could not but admire the taste of these children of the forest in selecting so beautiful a situation for their abode. They are part of the Chippewas, and cultivate a portion of the soil sufficient for their own consumption, a part of which they take to Mackinac and exchange for tobacco, bread, &c.

There was about 10 lodges at this place.

When returning to our boat, a number of Indians accompanied us down, and among them was a poor sick squaw, who I had just seen in the wigwam; her curiosity had induced her to get up and come to see the boat. After we were all on board and hoisting sail, an ugly, savage, looking Indian called to us from the shore and enquired, "if it was the Governor of Mackinac and his soldiers?" one of our crew, (soldier-like) answered in the affirmative; he looked angry, shook his fist, saying he was Sagansh, (meaning British,) and told us "Kevans we beton," (to begone quick.) We did not fear his threats, but as it was our intention to commence our return, and encamp at the other end of this lake, we were soon out of hearing of the savage. It was now about 6 P. M. and we had nine miles yet to go. Night came on apace, and it was 8 o'clock and very dark before we

ed Jack, sitting upon one end of a log, picking a duck, and singing very merrily, "Buona parte's Exile;" I felt not a disposition to check the little fellow for his unseasonable serenade. Youth is a careless season, and I love to see a happy cheerfulness,—and lay awhile reflecting upon the thoughtless temperament of the boy. It was still raining, and the shaking of the trees under which we encamped, by the occasional gales of wind, made it fall heavily upon our canvas. To me it was a pleasant sound: it was like the falling of rain upon a shingle roof, which I think is calculated to produce the mind a train of soothings reflections;—at all events, it had that effect upon me.

When I rose to dress I found part of my garments dripping wet, so I had to lay myself down again, and wait until they were dried. The storm is likely to continue all day, so conclude ourselves unnecessarily to the weather. After breakfast the men were disposed to be busy, so they were permitted to take the boat, and proceed on a fishing and hunting expedition. In a few hours they returned bringing 77 fine rock bass, 3 perch, and one duck. They were wet and cold, poor fellows, but pleased with their success and the prospect of making a good meal. They had been several miles up the river, and gave a pretty description of a little rapids.

The men's tent is near our's—the pleasant jokes they pass among themselves shew that they are contented and happy. The cook had prepared their supper, and gave notice accordingly. I stepped to the door of our tent, for the purpose of taking a view of their camp. They were all seated around a noble fire, that would have consumed a man's load of wood. The bugler was noticed that it was time for dinner, "Come, Jack, call the roll," says one of the men. "Yes, Sir,"—all present, replies Jack, "but, by Jolly Engle," continued the boy, "you'll scare them Indians again—did you see how the young papponnons scampered when you sounded Retreat?"—The bugle ceased—every one retired to rest, and the camp soon became quiet. The men's tent is near our's—the pleasant jokes they pass among themselves shew that they are contented and happy. The cook had prepared their supper, and gave notice accordingly. I stepped to the door of our tent, for the purpose of taking a view of their camp. They were all seated around a noble fire, that would have consumed a man's load of wood. The bugler was noticed that it was time for dinner, "Come, Jack, call the roll," says one of the men. "Yes, Sir,"—all present, replies Jack, "but, by Jolly Engle," continued the boy, "you'll scare them Indians again—did you see how the young papponnons scampered when you sounded Retreat?"—The bugle ceased—every one retired to rest, and the camp soon became quiet.

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came to the river—so much so, that with difficulty we could discover its entrance; we groped our way up the bank, got our fire works, and after some considerable time, as the woods were wet from the heavy rain, succeeded in kindling a fire.

The place we had stopped at was not a good one for an encampment: but having been so much belated, we were compelled to do the best we could, and accordingly set about clearing away some of the young brush to make room for our tents, which we pitched; prepared supper, and made a hearty meal.

As we were in a totally uninhabited part of the country, it was thought proper to lay the gun handy, in case of an intrusion by the wolves, &c. that might dwell about the place. A large fire was laid on—we spread our mats and bedding, and laid ourselves down to rest. The screeching of the owls kept me awake for some time; but as I was quite weary, I soon fell into a sound sleep, which sealed my eyes, and closed my ears from all noise; and I did not awake until the dawn of day, when we heard a rumbling noise like distant thunder. At 5 A. M. we re-entered White Lake with a fine breeze, reached our breakfasting place about 9; here we caught a few bass, killed three ducks, and at half-past 11, proceeded on; arrived at the mouth of the river at 2 P. M.; stayed but a few minutes here, merely re-visiting our first encampment, and then pushed on our way homewards: wind being pretty much ahead, we set sail for Point au-pia, about 8 miles from Sheboigian, situated on the south side of Bois Island. Here we landed, and as there was no wind, we set sail, drew our boat upon the beach and spent an hour or two in shooting pigeons, and picking sand cherries, of which we found abundance. We then turned our course towards fort Mackinac. Night overtook us before we reached home—when within a half a mile, our bugler sounded the "advance"—at about 8 in the evening we once more landed upon the island of Michilimackinac, a little fatigued, but much gratified with our excursion, and having suffered no particular inconvenience from the little exposures which we necessarily experienced from the unpleasantness of the weather.

TRADITIONAL MELODIES.

It has been said that this, which hit the taste of a great number of people, must contain something good. This we do not believe to be true of times which suddenly spread far and near among the population of a city, and gradually sink into oblivion; but it appears eminently true of times which have been hatched into the brain of a master, and then spread far and wide. It is the work of a master, and which is genuine and which sophistical.

The first chant with which poor people are daily coming under our windows, telling us to "remember Christ, our Saviour," has not been sung since last year, and in a few weeks' time will not be sung again till next year; nor copy assist the singers as yet will go on. This is the kind of mortality which a musician must vehemently desire for a melody. To write a tune which will sink into the hearts of a people, is perhaps an achievement beyond the power of art, and therefore few of our well known great composers are known to have signified themselves in this way. The musician unawares—one who gives way to his feelings, and follows the rule of composition without knowing them—in the man to write a lasting popular melody. Musical Mathematicians aver that the minor key is not in nature. How comes it then that St. John's tune, the Christmas Carol, and the old Monkish Chants, between which there is a remarkable similarity, should partake so much of this mode? These come down to us from remote periods; the Argonauts might have invented the first, and the Shepherds of Bethlehem the second, for any thing we know of the matter. It is hard to suppose that in the infancy of the language of sound, people who merely vented their feelings so sophistically as mode, that are to be found in the world, are but

the members of the first Committee of Safety. Before the 10th of August he had been summoned by the Government to bring from Holland a manuscript. This committee, which he considered friendly, gave him the permission of his liberty, and he was sent to the moderate prison of Sainte-Marguerite, and the next day he was allowed to return to Paris, to acknowledge the fact that he had been in communication with him by that preface, and to assure him of having wished to save him from the fate of those who had been condemned to the Revolution. He was sent up to the Abbaye, and would have been strangled on the second of September if it had not been for Mme. de Montel, then Attorney of the Committee of Paris. This officer, who had frequently been the object of the malice and sarcasm of Beaumarchais, revenged himself by obtaining his liberty. Beaumarchais fled to England, and there composed a decree which was issued against him three months after his flight, on the 20th of November. It was then that he published, under the title of *My Six Epochs*, a juvenile memoir in which his talent was displayed in all its excellence. This memoir was dedicated to Louis XVI, at Versailles, upon whose dissolution he had been arrested. After the revolution of the 20th July, 1789, Beaumarchais returned to France where he remained peacefully the last years of his life with his only daughter, in the house which he had built at the extremity of the Boulevard St. Antoine. It was a retired villa, in simpler times, he had taken pleasure in preserving for his old age. Upon the door of his garden were written these two lines:

"This little garden was planted
In the first year of liberty."

It was ornamented with many beautiful edifices. It was in this retreat, opened to only a few persons, that Beaumarchais terminated his long and eventful existence, which he has so well characterized by these few words, "My life is a catastrophe." He was struck by an apoplexy on the night of the 17th of May, 1799.

His political and literary occupations had still left him some time to devote to political affairs. He had been charged by many Ministers, and particularly by M. de Maupas and M. de Vaugeois, with different missions, which he executed with ability. In the days of his existence he made the most laudable use of the talents which, though envied, he had acquired honorably; and which, produced by speculations not less hazardous than fortunate, were still the creation of genius. They furnished the means of bestowing favours, the value and number of which were not known until after his death. It was this wealth that enabled him to raise an external monument to genius, by purchasing, at a great expense, all the unedited manuscripts of Voltaire, and publishing the first complete edition of the works of this author. For this purpose he was obliged to establish a printing office, &c. Beaumarchais lost a million by this enterprise; but which he obtained in honor compensated for what he lost in money, as it may be regarded as the most happy of his speculations. He caused to be printed also at Kehl and those of many other philosophers. Amiable in disposition, agreeable in society, obliging to every one, Beaumarchais united the qualities of the heart to those of the mind; and he was beloved by all who had lived in his intimacy. Irritable, but not provoked, he maintained with courage the different contests in which he engaged, the numerous processes by which he was assailed, and triumphed by the use of all the powers of a brilliant mind. At the time the daughters of the King honoured him with their favour, which excited the jealousy of the courtiers of all classes, a young lord, who wished to humble him by reducing him of his first profession, held out to him the watch, and said—"Look there, M. Georges, the good lady, what is the cause of it? You ought to know." Beaumarchais pretended to receive the watch, and let it fall. "You are wrong, M. le Marquis, my father always said I would not do for it." There was published in 1802 a life of Beaumarchais, and his works complete were collected in 1809, by his friend Godin de la Brusellière, who has published them by a dissertation.

From the London Courier.

PROFESSOR LE BAS' SERMON.
DEPTHS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Since the days of Jeremy Taylor no theological writer has, perhaps, appeared whose works have exhibited so great originality of conception—so great soundness of views, combined with such unbound command of language—as those of Professor Le Bas.

We make this observation at the present moment (when the question of the religious education of the youth of this country is undergoing considerable discussion, and a powerful institution is in progress for the purpose of enforcing the principle, that no education can be complete which excludes religious instruction,) with the view of introducing to our readers some extracts from a sermon of the Reverend Professor, preached before the University of Cambridge, and recently published, in which the consideration of the religious instruction of youth is placed upon a basis as immovable as the reasoning by which it is supported; is unanswerable. As the question is a national one, we hold it to be a national object to give extension to the sentiments which these extracts maintain; no apology is, therefore, necessary for giving them a place in our columns.

"The very heathen moralists know that it is the perfection of man's nature to hold his passions in obedience to reason; and their doctrine is now gloriously confirmed, and made entirely honorable by the Gospel; for reason is the eye of the soul—and consider what a glorious light the Gospel has let in upon that faculty! If Pagan sages and poets could perceive that a pious mind could give worth and sanctity to the meanest offering, what shall be said of us if we are slow to present the daily oblation of praise, and thanksgiving, and repentance—the lively sacrifice of our passions and our hearts—the spiritual offering which is due to Him who will be worshipped in spirit and truth?"

"We hold to God that those young men, who are the pride and hope of these realms, would lay in these sayings of the Apostle in their hearts, and bind them for a sign upon their hand, and as footprints between their eyes, and would go forth thus fortified, and thus accomplished to their various callings! If such were their preparation of heart, what glorious and costly sacrifice would be made ready for the Lord, in these the presents and approaches to His Temple! What clouds of fragrance would be arising towards Heaven from every house, and every altar, here dedicated to his name! I solemnly call on those who are soon to take their stations on the high places of the earth—who are clothed with the grandeur of ancient renown, or hereditary wealth, or venerable ancestry—I solemnly call on them, to offer up these choice gifts to the blessed and only Potentate—to consecrate them to His cause—to rescue them from the service of cupids lusts and perishable interests—to exalt them into instruments of good to man and of glory to his Maker. Let them remember, that when the Lord of Heaven and Earth accepts their most precious oblations, he does but receive back his own; while such is his gracious concession, that he takes of their free-will offerings, only to return them with a marvellous increase into their bosom. And let them likewise remember, that if their magnificent advantages are sacrificed on the altar of selfish passions—if their commanding influence, their vast resources, and their almost omnipotent example, are dedicated to the cause of vice and impurity—the Lord will surely visit for these things: His soul will be avenged, as it was of old, when men sacrificed their wealth to idols, and bowed down before false gods, and gave even the first-born of their body to lying and uncleanly demons.

"I call on those who are conscious of profound acquirement, and commanding reach of

mind, and commanding mastery of thought, and I pray unto them, in the name of the Lord, that these high endowments are not their own; they are gifts from the Father of Light; they are emanations from the Supreme Intellect, who alone can enrich his servants with intelligence or knowledge; they never were destined to guide man on his way to natural and worldly honour; they were ordained for beatitudes which should add splendor to the offices and sacrifices of righteousness; they were given to be like pillars of fire, to lead the children of men through this dark and dreary wilderness; they are, in truth, holy and consecrated things; and if they are used merely to swell the arrogance and vain glory of man, they are even like the vials of the Temple, which an impious king profaned to the uses of earthly pomp, and unfeeling revelry; and if so, shall not the condemnation of such sacrilege be written by that same hand which recorded his punishment and shame? Shall not they, who are guilty in this matter, be found wanting in the balance of eternal justice? Shall not their glories be numbered and finished, and the line of emptiness spread over their conquests, because they have not glorified the God in whose hands is their breath, and whose breath is all their way?"

"I further call on those who have it in their hearts to dedicate themselves to the Christian ministry, and to serve, throughout their lives, at the altar of the Lord. If Christian men are as a royal priesthood to the human race, what shall be said of those who are to be a priesthood to all Christians—who are to be 'the choicest of God's choice, the elect of his election?' What faculty is there which they can dare to keep for mere earthly uses? They may gather spoil from every region of science; they may levy tribute upon every province of nature and of art; they may go on weary pilgrimages after wisdom, throughout the remotest fracta of knowledge; but if they do this without a fixed purpose of heart, to convert their treasure into one great holocaust—to lay it on the altar, that fire from Heaven may descend upon it—what do they but heap up riches which shall be cankered, and whose rust shall be a witness against them?—what do they but pile up wrath against the day of wrath? And if this even is so—if such be the fate of those who would offend the Almighty in his right in all that they have won, when shall they be found, who enter his service without providing, and without thinking, wherewithal they shall come before the Lord, and bow themselves before the high God?—who have nothing to present to him but souls that have been unversed by sloth, and visited with leanness, or perhaps tainted with impurity and vice! And what will be the burden of the Lord unto them who thus disonor his service, and render the tabernacle of Jehovah contemptible? If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if ye offer the lame, and the sick, is it not evil? And is not he in danger of a curse, who presumes to dedicate a corrupt and worthless thing to the Sovereign of the Universe?"

"Finally, then, let us consider honestly, the responsibilities which this saying (ye are the salt of the earth) lays on us. Let us ask ourselves, does there breathe forth from our lives, and from our pursuits and studies, that blessed influence required by our Lord in the persons of his first followers? Are we contributing to the moral health and purity of the world? If the Saviour were to appear on the earth once more, for our instruction, in what place would he be most likely to pronounce the words we have been considering? Where would be most urgently required the exercise of heavenly principles, and unshaken practical virtue and discipline? Where, in the seats of sound learning and religious education? Where, but in the seminaries devoted to the honor of his name? Where, but among professors, and sons of professors, and the disciples that sit at their feet? And, if the time should ever come upon us, (as I trust in God it never will come) when the salt should lose its savour, what is to preserve us from being trampled under the foot of men? I speak this as one whose heart is ever turning towards those glorious respects with grateful admiration. *Qui sunt etiam et respondebo eis.* And remorse of conscience, which, having felt their parental care, look without rejoicing on their mighty resources, their commanding position, their asperging magnificence—which can without censure be ascribed to the Duke of Bedford's attack upon him in the House of Lords; and one of these we shall here cite, disregarding his greater chance for being already familiar to the reader upon two considerations; first, that it has all the appearance of being finished with the most studied regard to effect; and secondly, for an interesting anecdote connected with it, which we have never seen in print, but for which we have better authority than that which are.

"The anecdote is, that Burke, conversing

with Dr. Lanchester, and another gentleman on the literary value of his own writings, declared that the particular passage in the entire range

of his works which had cost him the most labor

and care, which, as tried by a certain canon of his own, his labor seemed to himself to have been the most successful, was the following:

"Such are their ideas; such their religion;

and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once

and a temple, (tempus in modum artis) shall

stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion;

as long as the British monarchy, not more limited

than fenced by the orders of the state, shall,

like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the

majesty of proportion, and girt with the double

belt of its kindred and coeval towers, as long as

this awful structure shall oversee and guard the

subject land—so long the mounds and dykes of the low, fat, Bedford level will have nothing

to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers

of France. As long as our sovereign lord the

king, and his faithful subjects the lords and com-

mons of this realm, the triple cord which no man

can break; the solemn sworn constitutional

pledge of this nation; the firm guarantees of

each other's being, and each other's rights;

the joint and several securities, each in its place

and order for every kind and every quality of

property and of dignity—so long as these en-

terprise, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together; the high from the blight

of envy, and the spoliation of rapacity; the low

from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent

spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it! and so it will be.

"Dum domus Aenar Capitioli inserviret habebit.

Accidet, imperante patre Romano habebit.

This was the sounding passage which Burke

alleged as the chief-d'œuvre of his rhetoric; and the argument upon which he justified his choice,

is specific—if not convincing. He laid it down as a maxim of composition, that every passage in a rhetorical performance, which was brought forward prominently, and relied upon as a key (to the meaning of the writer, ought to involve a thought, an image, and a sentiment; and such a synthesis he found in the passage which we have quoted. This criticism, over and above the pleasure which it always gives to hear a great man's opinion of himself, is valuable, as showing that Burke, because negligent of trivial inaccuracies, was not at all the less anxious about the larger proprieties and decorums; (for this passage, confessedly so labored, has several instances of slovenliness in trifles); and that, in the opinion of his apparent hurry, he carried out a jealous vigilance upon what he wrote, and the eye of a person practised in artificial effects.

Lieutenant ANDREW SKENE, of the Ex-List Navy, one of the officers who accompanied Captains Ross and Parry, in their voyage in search of the North West passage, lately made several experiments for the purpose of trying the effect of some projected improvements in the machinery used in steam navigation. His operations were attended by several scientific men, who are said to have been satisfied that the principle of his new wheel would soon be applied to practical use. The experiments are thus noticed in a LONDON JOURNAL:—The chief desideratum in steam navigation is to avoid the effect of the back-water, or, in other words, the loss of power which is occasioned by the wheel on its return when it is at a certain speed, or when it is immersed below a certain depth, having to lift a large proportion of water. It is this circumstance which, with wheels of ordinary construction, and, indeed, with all others yet tried, at present puts a limit to the speed of steam-vessels, and occasions an enormous loss of power. The plan tried in this instance was of feathering the paddles, which were fixed to a new description of wheel, which, though extremely simple, could not be easily described, except by means of drawings. It differs, however, from the common paddle-wheels, in allowing each paddle so to move on an axle placed in the centre as to play freely between the

arms and the periphery of the wheel, between which it (the paddle) is restrained by shoulders or projecting portions of it. The wheels used were by no means complete, and were fastened to the vessel in a temporary and very imperfect manner. The result of the trial was, however, to the extent it was made, very favourable, being to the extent of two minutes per mile. This was ascertained by lashing the paddles so as to fix them in a radical position like the old paddles, when the vessel's mean time was eleven and a half minutes per mile. On cutting the lashings away, and allowing the paddles to feather, her mean time was 9 minutes and a half per mile. It was stated, that had there been room for more paddle surface, and for the paddles to be still further immersed, there would have been much more gained. These paddles, the inventor stated, would have the advantage of working best when immersed one-third of the wheel in water, which would necessarily reduce the size of the paddle boxes, and consequently the resistance of the vessel to the wind. They were likewise capable of being removed or applied as occasion required, enabling the vessel to take advantage of fair winds when at sea on long voyages; and they might also be applied in the interior of a vessel for the purpose of war. He suggested their application for the purpose of canal-navigation, as they possessed the advantage (which was to a considerable extent manifested in the present experiment) of agitating the water much less than the old paddles. The new ones did not pass it off in the same degree to the shore on each side, but caused it to expand chiefly in the wake of the vessel. The men of science present appeared to be well satisfied with the success of all that was done, and no doubt was entertained that the principle of the new wheel would be put into practical operation."

The AUGUSTA CONSTITUTIONALIST narrates, in the annexed article, an adventure, already several times alluded to, and said to have befallen a traveller of high rank, who recently visited the UNITED STATES. The conduct attributed to DUKE BERNARD is certainly in striking contrast to the disposition exhibited by him in his intercourse with society in the northern districts of our country, where a strong impression in his favour was generally produced. It seems, however, that in some parts of the South the visitor and his hosts were not equally pleased with each other. The anecdote is, that Burke, conversing with Dr. Lanchester, and another gentleman on the literary value of his own writings, declared that the particular passage in the entire range of his works which had cost him the most labor and care, which, as tried by a certain canon of his own, his labor seemed to himself to have been the most successful, was the following:

"Such are their ideas; such their religion; and such their law. But as to our country and our race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, (tempus in modum artis) shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion; as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers, as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subject land—so long the mounds and dykes of the low, fat, Bedford level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects the lords and com-

mons of this realm, the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn sworn constitutional pledge of this nation; the firm guarantees of each other's being, and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity—so long as these enter-

prise, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together; the high from the blight of envy, and the spoliation of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it! and so it will be.

The Col. properly indignant at such a return for his kind treatment, left the Duke and his companions to their ill timed merriment, and the horns very soon summoned them to their seats in the stage. The driver, whose name is Finney, a man of truth and veracity, and in whose company he had no sooner commenced his journey than his Highness gave him full command of the whole stage, and regulate their movements according to his inclinations. This Finney positively, but especially at first objected to, for he was charged with the safe conduct of the United States mail, and was obliged at all risks to deliver it at a certain place in a given time. The remonstrance was unheeded—it was threatened to throw the driver from his seat, and language too harsh to permit of insertion here, roused the passion of Finney, who said if it was not that he had the keeping of the mail he would stop and throw his Highness the Duke of Saxe Wenzel into Groote's mill pond.

Whereupon the Duke drew his "good broad

sword," and the driver determined to defend his charge to the uttermost, and to sell his life as dearly as possible, uncased his blind hammer,

and threw himself as nearly as he might into an attitude of defence. The latter part of this paragraph, as the reader will perceive, is a bare skeleton of the narrative, which when an opportunity serves, we will avail ourselves of Mr. Finney's information to fill up.

In the mean time, concluding that we have but in part redeemed our pledge, we will resume this very important and momentous subject, whenever a drift of other matter shall render it convenient.

TO THE CITIZENS.

While the ward committees are engaged in the duty of collecting subscriptions for the use of the poor, it is suggested that much immediate suffering might be alleviated by such of the citizens who have more wood in their cellars than their necessities require, distributing what they can spare amongst those who may want in their own neighbourhoods, as the time necessarily spent in arranging of the disbursement of the money collected may be of great importance to some, whilst in the course of a few weeks it is probable wood can be purchased at a moderate price to replace what may be now distributed.

The editors of other papers are requested to insert the following.

ITEMS.

At 8 o'clock yesterday morning, the thermometer stood at 16—at the same hour to day, at 30—the exposure being the same. During part of the morning we have had a slight rain.

When the lumber, in Girard's square, was removed yesterday, a covey of half starved partridges were found to have taken refuge under the boards.

A writer in a Western paper compares Tew-

esmouth to Washington in his life, and to Epaminondas in his death.

The Savannah theatre closed, for a time, on the 13th, and the company, departing from Charleston, was to be succeeded by the Augusta corps, with Clara Fisher.

At Richmond, Va., a view of the interior of St. Peter's at Rome, painted by Cook of Richmond, is now exhibited. It is compared, in point of effect, to Granet's Capuchin Chapel, Maelzel showing his wonders at the same place.

Benjamin Thompson was arrested, at Baltimore, on Wednesday, for coining silver. An apparatus was found in his house, and a counterfeiter coin on his person. A bill against him has been found by the grand jury.

Snow fell, at Charleston, during the greater part of Sunday, the 15th instant, but melted as fast as it fell.

According to the Belfast, Me. Journal, the snow, in that neighbourhood, was above four feet deep on the 17th. After a series of mild weather, the thermometer was again 15° below zero.

The deaths in New York last week amounted to 91—viz

THE AMERICAN CHRONICLE.

The name of the author of the *Am. Chron.* from Jones, citizen of Blewberry, who died in 1827, were not beyond credibility, he having written many before, the celebrated Elton's. For many of the last years of his ministerial labors he had no servant to attend any of his domestic concerns; and he never had even the assistance of a female within his house for the last twelve years; the offices of housemaid, chambermaid, cook and scullion, and even most parts of his washing and mending, were performed by himself; he has been frequently known to beg needles and thread to tack together his tattered garments, at which, from practice, he was become very expert. He was citizen of Blewberry upwards of forty-three years; and it will scarcely be credited, that the same hat and coat served him for his every day dress during the whole of that period! The brim of the hat had, on one side, (by so much handling,) been worn off quite to the crown, but on coming one day from the hamlet of Upton across the fields, he luckily met with a left-off hat, stuck up for a scarecrow. He immediately secured the prize, and with some tar twine, substituted as thread, and a piece of the brim, quite repaired the deficiencies of his beloved old one, and ever after wore it in common, although the old one was of a russet brown, and the new brim nearly as black as jet. His coat, when he first came from Ashton Keys, in 1781, was a surt out the worse for wear; after some time he had it turned inside out, and made up into a common one. Whenever it became rent or torn, it was as speedily tacked together with his own hands; at length pieces fell out and were lost, and as fast as he found it necessary, he cut pieces off the tail to make good the upper part, until the coat was reduced to a jacket, stuck about with patches of his own applying. In this hat and coat, when at home on working days, he was constantly decorated, but he never wore it abroad, or before strangers, except he forgot himself, as he several times had been much vexed at the ridicule his grotesque appearance had excited when seen by those with whom he was not much acquainted. This extraordinary coat (or more properly jacket) is now in the possession of one of the parishioners, and prized as a great curiosity. His stockings were washed and mended by himself, and some of them had scarcely a vestige of the original worsted. He had a great store of new shirts which had never been worn; but for many years his stock became reduced to one in use; his parsimony would not permit him to have washed more than once in two or three months, for which he reluctantly paid a poor woman 4d. He always slept without his shirt, that it might not want washing too often, and by that means he was worn out; and he always went without one while it was washed, and very frequently at other times. This solitary shirt he mended himself, and as fast as it required to be patched in the body, he ingeniously supplied it by cutting off the tail; but as nothing will last forever, by this constant clipping it unfortunately became too short to reach down to his small clothes. This, of course, was a sad disaster, and there was some fear lest one of the new ones must be brought into use; but, after a diligent search, he fortunately found in one of his drawers the top part of a shirt with a frill on, which had probably lain by since his youthful and more gay days. This piece was, with his usual sagacity, tacked by him on the tail of the old one, with the frill downwards, and was thus worn by him until the day before he left Blewberry. Latterly, his memory became impaired, and he several times forgot to change his dress, and has more than once been seen, at the burial of a corpse, dressed in this ludicrous and curious manner, with scarcely a button on any part of his clothes, but tied together in various parts with strings; and in this state he was, by strangers, been mistaken for a beggar, and barely escaped being offered a charity.

His diet was as singular as his dress, for he cooked his pot only once a week, which was always on a Sunday! For his subsistence he purchased but three articles, (which he always denominated as "two necessities and a luxury") the necessities, bread and bacon; the luxury, tea. For many years his weekly allowance of bread was half a gallon per week; and in the fruit season, when his garden produced fruit, or when he once or twice a week procured a meal at his neighbor's, his half-gallon loaf lasted him a day or two of the following week; so that in five weeks he often had no more than four half-gallon loaves. He was also equally abstemious in his other two articles. He frequently ate with his parishioners; yet for the last ten years there was but a solitary instance of a person eating with him in return, and that a particular friend, who obtained only a bit of bread with much difficulty and importunity. For the last fifteen years, there was never within his doors any kind of spirits; or beer, butchers' meat, butter, sugar, lard, cheese, or milk, nor any necessities, of which he was particularly fond when they came free of expense, but which he could never find the heart to purchase. His beverage was cold water; and at morning and evening weak tea, without milk or sugar. However cold the weather, he seldom had a fire, except to cook with, and that was so small that it might easily have been hid under a half-gallon measure. He had often been seen roving the church-yard to pick up bits of sticks, or busily lopping his shrubs or fruit trees, to make this fire, while his woodhouse has been crammed with wood and coal, which he could not prevail on himself to use. In very cold weather, he would frequently get some of his neighbor's fire to warm his shivering limbs, and, when evening came, retire to bed for warmth, but generally without a candle, as he allowed himself only the bits left of those provided for divine service in the church by the parish. He was never known to keep dog, cat, or any other living creature; and it is certain the whole expenses of his house did not amount to half-a-crown a week for the last twenty years! and, as the fees exceeded that sum, he always saved the whole of his salary, which never was more than 300. per annum. By constantly placing this sum in the funds, and the interest, with about 30. per annum more, (the rent of two small estates left by some relations,) he, in the course of 43 years, amassed many thousand pounds, as his bankers, Messrs. Child & Co., of Fleet-street, can testify. In his youthful days he made free with the good things of this life; and when he first came to Blewberry, he for some time boarded with a person by the week, and during that time was quite corpulent; but, as soon as he became fully capable, being well skilled in the English and Latin languages. The expense of a month, the postage of a letter has been known to deprive a night's rest; and yet we must do him the justice to acknowledge that at times pounds did not grieve him. He was a regular and liberal subscriber to the Bible, Missionary, and other Societies for the propagation of the Gospel and the conversion of the Jews, and he has more than once been generous enough to give a

sum or two to various benevolent fellow creatures on that behalf.

Although very poor indeed, he was a steady and zealous man, beyond credibility, he having written many before, the celebrated Elton's. For many of the last years of his ministerial labors he had no servant to attend any of his domestic concerns; and he never had even the assistance of a female within his house for the last twelve years; the offices of housemaid, chambermaid, cook and scullion, and even most parts of his washing and mending, were performed by himself; he has been frequently known to beg needles and thread to tack together his tattered garments, at which, from practice, he was become very expert. He was citizen of Blewberry upwards of forty-three years; and it will scarcely be credited, that the same hat and coat served him for his every day dress during the whole of that period! The brim of the hat had, on one side, (by so much handling,) been worn off quite to the crown, but on coming one day from the hamlet of Upton across the fields, he luckily met with a left-off hat, stuck up for a scarecrow. He immediately secured the prize, and with some tar twine, substituted as thread, and a piece of the brim, quite repaired the deficiencies of his beloved old one, and ever after wore it in common, although the old one was of a russet brown, and the new brim nearly as black as jet. His coat, when he first came from Ashton Keys, in 1781, was a surt out the worse for wear; after some time he had it turned inside out, and made up into a common one. Whenever it became rent or torn, it was as speedily tacked together with his own hands; at length pieces fell out and were lost, and as fast as he found it necessary, he cut pieces off the tail to make good the upper part, until the coat was reduced to a jacket, stuck about with patches of his own applying. In this hat and coat, when at home on working days, he was constantly decorated, but he never wore it abroad, or before strangers, except he forgot himself, as he several times had been much vexed at the ridicule his grotesque appearance had excited when seen by those with whom he was not much acquainted. This extraordinary coat (or more properly jacket) is now in the possession of one of the parishioners, and prized as a great curiosity. His stockings were washed and mended by himself, and some of them had scarcely a vestige of the original worsted. He had a great store of new shirts which had never been worn; but for many years his stock became reduced to one in use; his parsimony would not permit him to have washed more than once in two or three months, for which he reluctantly paid a poor woman 4d. He always slept without his shirt, that it might not want washing too often, and by that means he was worn out; and he always went without one while it was washed, and very frequently at other times. This solitary shirt he mended himself, and as fast as it required to be patched in the body, he ingeniously supplied it by cutting off the tail; but as nothing will last forever, by this constant clipping it unfortunately became too short to reach down to his small clothes. This, of course, was a sad disaster, and there was some fear lest one of the new ones must be brought into use; but, after a diligent search, he fortunately found in one of his drawers the top part of a shirt with a frill on, which had probably lain by since his youthful and more gay days. This piece was, with his usual sagacity, tacked by him on the tail of the old one, with the frill downwards, and was thus worn by him until the day before he left Blewberry. Latterly, his memory became impaired, and he several times forgot to change his dress, and has more than once been seen, at the burial of a corpse, dressed in this ludicrous and curious manner, with scarcely a button on any part of his clothes, but tied together in various parts with strings; and in this state he was, by strangers, been mistaken for a beggar, and barely escaped being offered a charity.

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For many of the last years of his ministerial labors he had no servant to attend any of his domestic concerns; and he never had even the assistance of a female within his house for the last twelve years; the offices of housemaid, chambermaid, cook and scullion, and even most parts of his washing and mending, were performed by himself; he has been frequently known to beg needles and thread to tack together his tattered garments, at which, from practice, he was become very expert. He was citizen of Blewberry upwards of forty-three years; and it will scarcely be credited, that the same hat and coat served him for his every day dress during the whole of that period! The brim of the hat had, on one side, (by so much handling,) been worn off quite to the crown, but on coming one day from the hamlet of Upton across the fields, he luckily met with a left-off hat, stuck up for a scarecrow. He immediately secured the prize, and with some tar twine, substituted as thread, and a piece of the brim, quite repaired the deficiencies of his beloved old one, and ever after wore it in common, although the old one was of a russet brown, and the new brim nearly as black as jet. His coat, when he first came from Ashton Keys, in 1781, was a surt out the worse for wear; after some time he had it turned inside out, and made up into a common one. Whenever it became rent or torn, it was as speedily tacked together with his own hands; at length pieces fell out and were lost, and as fast as he found it necessary, he cut pieces off the tail to make good the upper part, until the coat was reduced to a jacket, stuck about with patches of his own applying. In this hat and coat, when at home on working days, he was constantly decorated, but he never wore it abroad, or before strangers, except he forgot himself, as he several times had been much vexed at the ridicule his grotesque appearance had excited when seen by those with whom he was not much acquainted. This extraordinary coat (or more properly jacket) is now in the possession of one of the parishioners, and prized as a great curiosity. His stockings were washed and mended by himself, and some of them had scarcely a vestige of the original worsted. He had a great store of new shirts which had never been worn; but for many years his stock became reduced to one in use; his parsimony would not permit him to have washed more than once in two or three months, for which he reluctantly paid a poor woman 4d. He always slept without his shirt, that it might not want washing too often, and by that means he was worn out; and he always went without one while it was washed, and very frequently at other times. This solitary shirt he mended himself, and as fast as it required to be patched in the body, he ingeniously supplied it by cutting off the tail; but as nothing will last forever, by this constant clipping it unfortunately became too short to reach down to his small clothes. This, of course, was a sad disaster, and there was some fear lest one of the new ones must be brought into use; but, after a diligent search, he fortunately found in one of his drawers the top part of a shirt with a frill on, which had probably lain by since his youthful and more gay days. This piece was, with his usual sagacity, tacked by him on the tail of the old one, with the frill downwards, and was thus worn by him until the day before he left Blewberry. Latterly, his memory became impaired, and he several times forgot to change his dress, and has more than once been seen, at the burial of a corpse, dressed in this ludicrous and curious manner, with scarcely a button on any part of his clothes, but tied together in various parts with strings; and in this state he was, by strangers, been mistaken for a beggar, and barely escaped being offered a charity.

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THE UNION CANAL LOTTERY,
Class No. 1, for 1829.

THE Subscribers, Commissioners appointed by the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to superintend the Drawing of the Union Canal Lottery, Class No. 1, for 1829, do hereby certify, that the following numbers, Numbers, which this day draw from the forty-two placed in the wheel, viz.—

11 20 10 3 22 36

And that the numbers so drawn in the order in which they were drawn; that is to say, No. 21 was the first number drawn; No. 40, was the second; No. 10, was the third; No. 5, was the fourth; No. 22, was the fifth; and No. 36, was the sixth, and last.

Witness our hands, in the City of Philadelphia, this 31st day of February, 1829.

ROBERT PATERSON,

CLEMENT C. BIDDLE,

JACOB SPERRY,

Attest—JOHN TOLBERT, Secretary.

From the preceding certificate, it will be seen what numbers were drawn from the wheel for determining the Prizes in the Union Canal Lottery, Class No. 1, for 1829, with the order in which they were drawn, and the subscribers agree to make it known to the public the following results:

The Tickets which drew the 20 highest prizes, are those having on them for Combination Number:

Prizes.

10 21 40 1 2 3—Entitled to..... \$10,000

10 22 36 2 4 6..... 5,000

5 10 22 3 4 5..... 1,400

3 10 26 3 4 6..... 1,000

10 22 40 2 3 5..... 500

10 26 40 2 3 5..... 300

10 26 40 2 3 5..... 300

10 21 26 1 3 5..... 300

10 21 26 1 3 5..... 150

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